THE PHANTOM™
GHOST WHO WALKS
#3
MOONSTONE
$3.99
cover A
Mike Bullock
Silvestre Szilagyi
TRIMPE + DUSIO
RENATO GUERRA

THE PHANTOM™
GHOST WHO WALKS

created by
LEE FALK

For those who came in late...

NEARLY 500 YEARS AGO ON A REMOTE BANGALLAN BEACH, ONLY ONE SURVIVED A VICIOUS PIRATE ATTACK.
THE FIRST PHANTOM SWORE A SACRED OATH ON THE SKULL OF HIS FATHER'S KILLER.
...WILL DEVOTE MY LIFE TO THE DESTRUCTION OF PIRACY, GREED, CRUELTY AND INJUSTICE!
GENERATION AFTER GENERATION FOLLOWED, BUT TO THE OUTSIDE WORLD, HE WAS ALWAYS ONE MAN... IMMORTAL.
NOW THE 21ST PHANTOM HAUNTS THE NIGHTMARES OF EVIL MEN EVERYWHERE.

"END WAR" PART THREE OF THREE

WRITTEN BY **MIKE BULLOCK**
STORY CONSULTANT **DAVID MICHELINIE**
ART BY **SILVESTRE SZILAGYI**
COLORED BY **BOB PEDROZA**
LETTERED BY **JOSH AITKEN**
EDITS BY **DAVID MICHELINIE**
PHANTOM GROUP EDITOR BY **MIKE BULLOCK**

COVER A BY HERB TRIMPE & TERRY AUSTIN
WITH RENATO GUERRA
COVER B BY MICK COLLINS

MOONSTONE is...
Joe Gentile - editor in chief
Dave Ulanski - art director
Lori G - editorial
Rory Bautista & Mike Reynolds - ground control
Kathleen O'Brien - web master
Richard Dean Starr - Special Projects Coordinator
Tim Lasiuta - Research & Development
Joe Gentile & Dave Ulanski - publishers
visit us on the web at
www.moonstonebooks.com

SPECIAL THANKS TO
OUR PHANTOM CONSULTANT
ED RHOADES

AND TO *KAREN MOY*
AT KING FEATURES

The Phantom: Ghost Who Walks #3 © 2009 King Features Syndicate, Inc. The Phantom is a trademark of Hearst Holdings, Inc. All rights reserved. Published by Moonstone, 582 Torrence Avenue, Calumet City, IL 60409 With the exception of review purposes, this book may not be reprinted in part or in whole without the express written consent of King Features and Moonstone.
Printed in Canada

PREVIOUSLY IN THE PHANTOM: GHOST WHO WALKS
KAMIL KAZI, LEADER OF AL SHIHAB, SET HIS PLAN IN MOTION...
PIRATES ATTACKED A CRUISE SHIP...
NOT REALIZING THEY WERE GETTING MORE THAN THEY BARGAINED FOR.
ONCE ON SHORE, THE VICTIMS WERE AIDED BY DIANA PALMER-WALKER AND DR. AXEL...
BUT THE FLAME HAD JUST BEGUN TO BURN.
KABOOM
MANY LIVES WERE LOST.
OUR HERO SOUGHT CHANE, A RENOWNED HACKER...
TO HELP HIM TRACK THE KILLERS.
BUT THE HUNTER SOON BECAME THE HUNTED...

CH-CHANE...
KIPPHP
KIPPHP
STAY DOWN!
DUBAKU!
CHANE! DON'T MOVE!
CRE-ASHH
RAAA!
MACK
RHK

NOOOO!!!
I'VE KILLED THE PHANTOM. NOW IT'S YOUR TURN TO DIE, BOY.
YOU SHOULD HAVE NEVER INTERFERED WITH KAMIL KAZI! NOW IT WILL COST YOU-
PUT IT ON MY TAB.

NO! IT CAN'T BE!
I K-K-KILLED YOU!
KRRUNCH

YOU OKAY?
YEAH. DUBAKU DIDN'T MAKE IT THOUGH...
HE WAS A GOOD MAN, CHANE.
WHAT'S THAT?
EMP. NOT A BIG ONE, BUT STRONG ENOUGH TO WIPE ALL THE HARD DRIVES WITHIN TWENTY FEET WHEN IT GOES.
BIP... BIP... BIP...
WEEEEE-BOUFF
SORRY ABOUT YOUR FRIEND.
ME TOO.
THIS WAS DUBAKU'S LAST CONTRIBUTION TO THE CAUSE. LOOKS LIKE KAZI'S GOT SOMETHING PLANNED IN TUNISIA.
FROM WHAT I CAN MAKE OF THIS, THEY PLAN TO FIRE THAT THING INTO THE VATICAN DURING A PUBLIC ADDRESS BY THE POPE AND LAY THE BLAME ON THE IRANIAN GOVERNMENT.
AND THERE'S LOTS OF CHATTER OUT THERE ABOUT "REPARATIONS FOR THE CRUSADES".
SOMEONE WANTS EVERYONE TO THINK IT'S COMING FROM SAUDI ARABIA, IRAQ, EGYPT AND PALESTINE, BUT IT TRACES BACK TO AN IP ADDRESS IN SOMALIA.
AND IT LOOKS LIKE THEIR NEXT TARGET IS ISRAEL.
THEY REALLY ARE TRYING TO INCITE WWIII...
THANKS. NOW MAKE YOURSELF SCARCE UNTIL THIS BLOWS OVER. MIGHT BE A GOOD TIME TO GO VISIT YOUR GRANDFATHER.
YEAH... MAYBE.

SOUTHERN TUNISIA
VRRRRMMM
WE ARE HERE, KAMIL!
ONLY A SATELLITE COULD SEE THIS, AND WHY WOULD ONE BOTHER SCOURING THIS WASTELAND.
WAIT.

WHUP
WHUP
WHUP
WHUP
WHUP
WHUP
WHUP
WHUP
WHUP
WHUP
WHUP
WHUP
WHUP
WHUP
WHUP
WHUP
WHUP

TELL ME, ARE YOU READY FOR THE CLEANSING?
YES, KAMIL.
THEN IT SHALL BE DONE! NO MORE SHALL OUR CHILDREN STARVE WHILE THE CRUSADERS SIT ON UNCOUNTABLE FORTUNES ONLY A FEW HOURS NORTH, CLAIMING SUCH RICHES IN THE NAME OF THEIR GOD.
YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH THIS.
MOST CERTAINLY.
ACHBAR! BRING THE DEVICE HERE.
IT IS DONE, MASTER.

REMEMBER THE FLAME!
THE FLAME!
WHUP
WHUP
WHUP
WHUP
THAT'S MY CUE.
NEEEIGH!
WHA-
WHOOMP
BRING THE STAKES FROM YOUR TRUCK. IT'S TIME TO MAKE AN EXAMPLE OF THIS ONE.

RAW
RAW
RAW
MAKE SURE THE REPORTERS FROM AL JAZRA FIND HIM TOMORROW.
AFTER THE VULTURES HAVE PICKED HIS BONES CLEAN.
GOOD WORK, MY FRIEND. NOW BACK TO THE TASK AT HAND.
I CANNOT WAIT FOR THE WESTERNERS TO WATCH AS THEIR HOLY MAN'S FLESH IS EATEN FROM HIS BODY!
SOME WILL COWER. OTHERS WILL BLAME EACH OTHER, BUT WHEN THEY FOLLOW THE CLUES, THEY WILL THINK THIS IS AN AFFRONT THAT CALLS FOR NOTHING LESS THAN-
GENOCIDE.
VRRRRAAAM

YOU SURE LOVE DRAMA, DON'T YOU, MR. PHANTOM! FROM SHIP TO SHORE, YOU CAN'T GET ENOUGH OF IT
I TOLD YOU THEY WEREN'T PART OF THE SAFARI
IT'S A GOOD THING THOSE BIRDS CAUGHT OUR EYE
WATER
HERE YA GO
SO, YOU GONNA TELL US WHAT YOU'RE DOING ALL THE WAY OUT HERE BAKING IN THE SUN?
IT'S THE ONLY WAY I COULD GET SOME PEACE AND QUIET.

AND YOU SAID THIS TRIP WAS BORING.
WE SHOULD ALWAYS TRAVEL WHERE THE MASKED MEN ARE!
SAFARI Tou
HERE, DRINK SOME MORE
THANK YOU.
WEEE-WEEET
HIGH-HO-HIYA!
UNTIL WE MEET AGAIN, LADIES.
WELL, SO MUCH FOR BIRD WATCHING.
YEAH, NO KIDDING

FIVE MILES SOUTHEAST OF GABÈS TUNISIA ON THE MEDITERRANEAN SHORE
BEHRAM HAS JUST REPORTED THE INFIDEL IS IN THE IVORY TOWER
GOOD! PREPARE TO LAUNCH THE MISSILE!
FATEEN! REPORT
WE ARE ALONE, MUTAZZ
MRRRFFF!

FATEEN! WHERE ARE YOU?
WHERE IS THAT-
GLUK!
ULKK-UK
GURAN'S JUNGLE ETHER WORKS WONDERS, AS YOU GENTLEMAN ALREADY KNOW.
SIX DOWN.
SIX TO GO.

HOW MUCH LONGER?
HIS PRESS CONFERENCE BEGINS IN FORTY-FIVE MINUTES. BASED ON OUR CALCULATIONS, IF WE LAUNCH IN FIVE MINUTES, THE PACKAGE WILL ARRIVE EIGHT MINUTES AFTER HE BEGINS
IMAGINE IT, MU'TAZZ! SOON, THIS WORLD WILL CHANGE FOREVER!
THE WESTERNERS WILL HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO RETALIATE BASED ON THE FALSE INFORMATION WE'VE LEAKED TO AL JAZRA
AND THEN WORLD WAR III WILL BEGIN, USHERING IN A NEW BALANCE OF POWER FOR AL SHIHAB!
THE FLAME WILL CLEANSE THEM ALL!
THE FLAME!
THE FLAME!
THE FLAME!
THE FLAME!
THE FLAME!
NRRUNGH
GAH-

WELCOME TO THE JUNGLE, BOYS.
KRRRACK
FIRE THE ROCKET!
LAUNCH
BUH-WOOOSH

THIS-
IS-
BLAM
BLAM
NOT-
HAPPENING!
TAK!
TAK!
TAK!
TAK!
WOOO-
SPUUUSH
DIE!

WHERE?

FIND HIM AND--
KILL HIM!

TIME TO DIE, INFIDEL. TIME TO-

WHAM

RAAAAHHH!!!

RUP

WHAP

KRACK

GRAAAH!!

SHUNK

WEEEoooWEEEoooo
I WANT THEM ALL ARRESTED, NOW!
HOW ABOUT STARTING WITH THIS ONE.
WE HAVE THEM ALL, COMMANDER!
NO, NOT ALL OF THEM. THEIR LEADER, KAMIL KAZI. HE COULDN'T HAVE GONE FAR.
SEARCH EVERY METER OF THIS BEACH! FIND HIM!
MP
YOU MIGHT WANT TO HAVE SOMEONE PULL THAT ROCKET OUT OF THE SEA, ALSO, BEFORE THAT BIO-AGENT LEAKS OUT.
GET A DIVE TEAM IN HERE TO PULL THAT ROCKET OUT OF THE WATER!
MP

YES SIR!
THIS ISN'T OVER, MASKED MAN.
HEAR THAT, HERO? THE DRUMS ARE CALLING EVERYONE TO SEE DR. AXEL.
IT'S GONNA BE HARD KNOWING HE'S NOT AROUND ANYMORE.
BOOM BADA BOOM BADA BOOM BADA BOOM
THANK YOU, HERO. WE'VE MADE IT IN TIME TO PAY OUR LAST RESPECTS.
...
AXEL! YOU'RE ALIVE!
I WAS CLINICALLY DEAD FOR FIVE MINUTES, BUT THE EMTS RESUSCITATED ME AFTER YOU LEFT.
I GUESS THAT MAKES ME THE DOCTOR WHO CANNOT DIE!
The End, for now...

BEHIND THE MASK

By Ed Rhoades

VILLAINS

For a hero to achieve greatness, it's sometimes said that he must have a great adversary. Muhammed Ali had Joe Frazier. Superman had Lex Luthor, but The Phantom just didn't often have enduring opponents.

Some of his memorable ones include the Tyrant of Tarakimo, T, Kabal Sing, and the Drummer of Timpenni, but they each only appeared in one adventure. His adversaries were quite a mixed and varied group including a kindly old man who was the King of Beasts, Chesty, a heavyweight boxing champ, and an occasional female like Queen Medusa orQueen Samaris (who was likely inspired by H. Rider Haggard's She) He also created more comical ones like the Gurk twins, a rough and tough pair hired by the Marshall Sisters.

It's been lamented that although Lee Falk provided some excellent villains for the Phantom, he rarely used any of them more than once. However, there have been exceptions. His arch enemy in the first Phantom story was Kabal Singh who at the end of the adventure was dispatched by the lovely Sala who was so exceptional that she appeared in three of Lee's stories. First, she is a companion of Kabal Singh, ruler of the notorious pirate group, then she appears again as leader of the Sky Band, a group of female pilots who commit piracy in the air. Then she has a repeat performance in Return of the Sky Band. Unlike the Phantom's other adversaries, she is the pirate with a good side and the Phantom has a soft spot for her in his heart. Although Lee didn't reprise her role, her appearance in the Paramount Phantom film introduced much of the world to actress Catherine Zeta Jones, and she had a part in a Moonstone story by Ben Raab, before reappearing again in the Checkmate arc, penned by Mike Bullock.

Another exception from Lee was Bababu, the military leader who tries to take over part of Africa, but is thwarted by Luaga in an early Falk/Barry story. He appears again as he tries a coup. He was also shown in a flash back in the Marvel series as the man who killed the 21st Phantom.

Lee often used evil rulers in his stories and cited dictators like Idi Amin as an inspiration. Although the men were different, their ilk was shown numerous times in Lee's stories, often as someone smitten by the Phantom's lovely companion, Diana.

In non Lee Falk stories, there were recurring villains like Strangol, a creation for Italian comics. Some of these Italian comics were reprinted in the US Charlton series.

The current Phantom syndicated strip has Chatu a recurring villain who almost killed the Phantom in an explosion and for the Moonstone comics, Bullock has created HIM, an evil warlord who kidnaps children and turns them into soldiers for his "divine" army. The most chilling thing about HIM is the fact that his existence is based on reality. There really are evil men doing just that in Africa right now, most notably Joseph Kony, leader of the LRA, a militant group that currently has a strange hold on Uganda.

Another powerful foe provided by Bullock is Manuel Ortega, a disfigured ex-chemist who blames the death of his fiancé on The Ghost Who Walks. His status as an international kick boxing champion establishes him as a near physical match for The Phantom, and his thirst for revenge provides the proper motivation.

The latest in the line is Kamil Kazi, an Arabian ex-patriot and former prince turned terrorist who uses his influence among the impoverished to create martyrs for a cause he manufactured in order to line his own pockets.

The most dangerous villains are those who feel they are on a mission and the conflict they present is more intense...something more suitable for a Phantom comic than a family newspaper strip.

White Knight

Mike Bullock

"Please continue."

"He set me gently on the ground and told me to remain hidden, then wheeled his magnificent horse around and darted off into the darkness, perpendicular to the camp." Jaime's words began piling up on themselves, creating a lingual traffic jam. "I barely had time to take this all in, it happened in a matter of seconds. As he rode off, I turned and looked back at the camp, and saw a dozen of the General's men charging towards the forest where we'd made our bold exit."

"So your hero saved you, and then abandoned you in the darkness?" The clinical tone seemed to vie with skepticism for equal reign of the Doctor's words.

"I thought that as well, but only for a moment. I saw him once again burst from the jungle on the other side of the camp and charge right at the General, who had stood up and was facing towards me," a brief smile played across her lips as she continued. "I've said this a million times in my life, but never truly meant it until now."

"Said what?"

"He never knew what hit him. The General, that is," the corners of Jaime's mouth turned up in an almost devilish smile as her eyes gleamed with the thought of what she was about to say.

"And what hit him?"

"*The Phantom*," the conviction of her words made the Doctor recoil ever so imperceptibly in his chair.

"The yelling of Zamuh's men must have drowned out the hoof beats of the Phantom's horse, because the General didn't turn around until seconds before the Phantom reached down and cold cocked him right in the jaw," Jaime paused for a minute, relishing that memory.

The Doctor laid his pen down and brought the fingertips of each hand together in a peak before leaning forward and uttering his next words. "That doesn't explain how everyone died, nor does it shine any light on your alleged innocence, Ms. Salamy. So far, all you've done is further the Prosecutor's case that you

are criminally insane."

"Can I finish?" Jaime spat these words at the Doctor as one might scold a belligerent child, "Or are you going to continue to interrupt me?"

The Doctor once again picked up his pen and placed the tip on the paper. "My apologies, by all means, please continue."

"The General let out a scream (that was extremely un-General like, I must say) when The Phantom hit him," the momentary anger at the Doctor's rude behavior was quickly wiped away by the smile involuntarily brought on by her story. "He sounded quite like a little girl; in fact, I would have been embarrassed for him, were I not so happy to seem him fall."

"The scream brought his men about and they immediately opened fire but none of them seemed to be able to hit The Phantom or his horse; it was as if he were a ghost floating through their camp. He no sooner knocked one man to the ground, then he turned and decked another. Within minutes, the entire camp was ruined from soldier's gunfire and The Phantom actions. Several small blazes burned where random shots had hit torches or ignited jugs of lamp oil placed amongst the crates and boxes."

"Once he'd taken out the last of the soldiers, he wheeled his horse around and darted back into the jungle, away from my position," Jaime's words once again flitted between excitement and awe. "He was magnificent!"

"Magnificent? An entire tribe dies and you say 'magnificent'?" The Doctor's clinical guard dropped once again as a bit of incredulity washed over his words.

"I told you already, I'm not done yet!" Her voice gained a sharp edge one might enunciate when talking to a petulant child. "Are you going to let me continue or not?"

"Again, my apologies. Please continue."

"No sooner had The Phantom disappeared into the darkness, when Gullian (who had fallen to the ground of his own accord, proving to me he was indeed a coward at heart) jumped to his feet and started yelling at the downed soldiers. He ran over to Zamuli and helped him to his feet. Zamuli angrily pushed him away, bent down, picked up his gun and shot Gullian in the chest."

"It was at that moment that I really began to lose it," Jaime's fingers tried, unsuccessfully, to tie themselves into a knot in her lap.

"Most of the soldiers had gotten up by then, bruised and bleeding as they were. Some looked like they might not be able to walk, much less fight, for some time, while others looked angrier than I can ever recall seeing a man become. And the angriest of them all was Zamuli."

"He ordered his men to find me and The Phantom and bring us back to him, then continue on to the Jumballa village and kill everyone there," the apparent strength in her voice began to falter as she continued. "He told them the Jumballa had to pay for this outrage. He told them to burn them all alive."

"So, you're telling me a UN Officer ordered the executions of the Jumballa? A man sworn to protect them murdered them instead?" The Doctor had regained his composure and completely returned to his detached demeanor.

Jaime flashed him an annoyed look for interrupting yet again before she continued. "I stood up and turned to run back to the village when I ran right into him… it was like hitting a brick wall, a very masculine brick wall."

"This would be your jungle ghost again? This "Phantom" person?"

"Yes. Once again, he scooped me onto his horse and we darted into the forest, heading straight for the Jumballa village. I asked him his name, but he said nothing. We rode through the jungle at breakneck speed, with nothing but the sound of hoof beats and my pounding heart to mark our passing."

"Within minutes we arrived at the Jumballa village and he spoke for the first time…" Jaime once again let her voice trail off, as if she was floating back in time on a river of memories.

"And what did he say?'

White Knight

"He told me to wake everyone and get them out of there. Without taking a moment to think, I raced from hut to hut and woke the entire tribe. I told them bad men were coming and we had to flee. As sad as it is, this wasn't the first time they'd had to abandon their homes in the middle of the night."

"The Jumballa are something of a nomadic tribe and as such, they had some caves they would occupy in a nearby mountain range from time to time. The Phantom told us to go there immediately but began speaking with one family. As we poured into the jungle as fast as possible, I noticed he and that family were still in the village. I turned and saw them going into each hut and then coming out and going into another hut. They quickly made their way through the village, and then when they were done, he guided his horse and the family into the jungle where I was watching. He gestured in either direction as the father and son ran into the darkness around the perimeter of the village to our left. He then pointed to the right and the wife and both daughters raced that way. He then walked up beside me and held his index finger to his lips before pointing back to the village."

"My eyes followed his gesture just in time to see Zamuli's men come into the village across from us. Some of them held torches and went from hut to hut, lighting them on fire while several others stood in front of the hut doors, guns aimed at the doorways, presumably to shoot anyone who came running out. I began to hear Jumballa voices screaming in agony and found myself trying to run into the village to help them. I thought we'd left someone behind. Luckily, The Phantom held me back, and walked me a few meters to the left, where I could see the young boy standing near the back of a burning hut, screaming as if he was burning to death."

"A few moments later, the Jumballa family stopped their seemingly agonized cries and returned to our side. Together we watched as the last of their village burned to the ground. General Zamuli tossed his head back and laughed and then said the funeral pyre for the Jumballa would be a lesson to all who would oppose him. He ordered his men back into the jungle to search for The Phantom and me.

"And what of the Jumballa?" queried the Doctor.

"The Phantom then gave me his 'Good Mark' necklace, which he said would protect me and sent us off to the caves. The Jumballa were there, alive and well when I left them," Jaime's voice was almost overcome with the exasperation of one who grows tired of telling someone the same thing over and over again.

"And was your mission over when you left?"

"No," Jaime sighed heavily, releasing pent up exhaustion brought on by a nearly three week long emotional roller coaster.

"I told you, I left them to come back here and tell the UN what Zamuli was doing. To tell someone how the aid isn't getting to these people. To find help for them, *real* help," her slumping shoulders and eyes, now growing increasingly sullen, punctuated her tone of exasperation.

"Yet, you have no proof to back up your fantastical tale. Ackbar Antoli is a highly respected UN officer, appointed by the Secretary of State. The investigators sent to the Jumballa village can find no evidence that anyone is still alive, nor is there any proof anyone inhabited the caves you mentioned. When questioned, Antoli claims it was you who set the fire that killed them after he fought off your sexual advances, and then laid the blame at his feet in an attempt to discredit him for what he did to you. And while his story is far from rock solid, yours is Freudian Psychology 101. Rebuked woman has psychological breakdown that leads her to commit a heinous crime. Her subconscious, unable to deal with what she's done, creates a delusion, complete with a White Knight who saves her, and in turn alleges misconduct, committed by the man who she feels catalyzed her pain, as the true cause of her crimes. If you at least had this 'Good Mark' necklace you told me of earlier, we might have some shred of evidence to validate your claims that this jungle legend is anything more than your tormented mind's way of contriving some sort of alibi," Doctor Eichmann stood and took Jaime by the arm, leading her towards the door.

"I'm sorry, Ms. Salamy, but my diagnosis only strengthens the Prosecutor's case. I'm worried that you're suffering paranoid delusions and that it may take years to rehabilitate your mind from the trauma

you've caused yourself and others."

The Doctor opened the door to his office and motioned for a rather large man in a white uniform to come over to him. "Orderly, please escort Ms. Salamy back to her room. My examination is over."

"No! It can't be over, you still don't believe me!" Jaime pleaded with the Doctor, but when the Orderly's powerful hand closed on her arm, it was as if all the hope left her body and she submitted as he led her from the room.

"I'm sorry, Ms. Salamy, I'll recommend to the court that you enter a treatment program here at St. Elizabeth's to help you find your way back." Eichmann watched as Jaime was led from the waiting room. He turned and went back into his office, where he sat down at his desk and looked over his notes for several minutes before his secretary buzzed him on the intercom.

"Dr. Eichmann? You have a man here to see you; he says it's about the Salamy case."

Eichmann looked at the intercom quizzically before pushing the call button. "Send him in, Angela."

The door to his office swung open and a powerfully built man, dressed in a trench coat and top hat entered the office. The man's eyes were hidden behind dark sunglasses, which struck the Doctor as odd on this perpetually overcast day. Without saying a word, the man walked over to Eichmann's desk and pulled one hand from the pocket of his trench coat. He set something round and shiny down on the Doctor's notes, along with a manila envelope. A silver chain was attached to the shining object.

"Please see that Ms. Salamy gets this, she left it near the caves. And you might want to take a look inside the envelope as well."

The Doctor stared at the man, speechless, as he walked out of the office and closed the door behind himself. Once the door shut, the Doctor reached for the object. The chain was roughly twenty inches long and held a circular, silver medallion on it. As he held the necklace aloft, the medallion rotated slightly, drawing its face into view for the Doctor. On that face was a symbol of four intersecting "P"s, surrounded by an unbroken circle. It was exactly as Jaime had described it.

The Doctor set the necklace down and picked up the envelope. From it, he withdrew several photographs. Within seconds, he extended his other hand, depressing the call button on his intercom.

"Angela? Get the Prosecutor on the phone. Tell him I may have some evidence that might shed a new light on Antoli's testimony…"

After pausing and contemplating the necklace, as it stared up at him from the desk, he once again hit the intercom button.

"And Angela, have Ms. Salamy brought back up here, I have a few more questions for her."

THE END!

If you want to read more Phantom prose stories, visit www.moonstonebooks.com, and order The Phantom Chronicles for a bunch of new Phantom stories!

From the creator of
ZOMBIE-PROOF
and writer of
24

HARVEY AWARDS NOMINEE

ANTIQUES
The Comic Strip

The death of billionaire Jackson Reynolds throws his impossibly high-grade collection of pop culture artifacts into the most comprehensive auction the world has ever seen and it attracts a colorful cast of interested parties who are not what they seem.

This hardcover volume collects the complete story with plenty of extras including one previously unpublished strip, the non-continuity Christmas and New Year's strips, a character key, a guest appearance by the legendary comic creator Stan Lee, and much more.

DCD Product Code:
JUL073588
ISBN: 978-1-60360-009-5
$14.95

GEMSTONE PUBLISHING

www.gemstonepub.com

Antiques: The Comic Strip ©2009
J.C. Vaughn, Brian Fraim & Brendon Fraim.
All rights reserved.

THE SUMMER'S NEW & IMPROVED PULP CON!

PULPFEST 2009

FEATURING ALL OF YOUR FAVORITE PULP CHARACTERS!

THE SHADOW
BUCK ROGERS
TARZAN • PETE RICE
PHILIP MARLOWE
MICHAEL SHAYNE
DOC SAVAGE
THE GREEN LAMA
NICK CARTER
TAILSPIN TOMMY
LONE RANGER
SAM SPADE & MORE!

JULY 31-AUG 2
RAMADA PLAZA HOTEL & CONFERENCE CENTER
Columbus, Ohio

ON THE WEB @ **PULPFEST.COM**

More **PAPER COLLECTIBLES!** HARDCOVERS, EARLY PAPERBACKS, MOVIE POSTERS, ORIGINAL ART and VINTAGE COMICS

Meet **OTTO PENZLER** "BLACK LIZARD BIG BOOK OF PULPS"

Plus **SPECIAL PROGRAMMING** INCLUDING EXPERT PANELS, AUCTIONS & MORE!

The Shadow copyright © 2008 Advance Magazine Publishers, Inc./The Condé Nast Publications

FOR FURTHER INFO OR TO BE ADDED TO OUR MAILING LIST, PLEASE WRITE TO **JACK CULLERS, 1272 CHEATHAM WAY, BELLBROOK, OH 45305** • OR VIA EMAIL AT **JACK@PULPFEST.COM**

00311
8 91847 00228 5
THE PHANTOM
KOLCHAK: the Night Stalker
AIRBOY
MOONSTONE MONSTERS
DOC SAVAGE
BUCKAROO BANZAI
CAPTAIN ACTION
Zorro
WWW.MOONSTONEBOOKS.COM

A GREEN GIANT SCAN